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THE PARTY WEEKEND: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

With the season of party weekends almost upon us, my mail of late has been flooded with queries from young inmates of women's colleges wishing to know how one conducts one's self when one has invited a young gentleman for a weekend, so let us today take up this burning issue.

Well, my dear girls, the first thing to remember is that your young gentleman is far from home and frightened. Put him at his ease. You might, for instance, surprise him by having his mother sitting in a rocker on the station platform when he gets off the train.

Next, what kind of corsage should you send your young gentleman? Well, my beloved maidens, orchids are always acceptable. So, indeed, are phlox and delphinium. In fact, most any flora will serve. Do try, however, to avoid carnivorous plants.

If you find, my esteemed fillies, that your local florist has run out of stock, do not be dismayed. Make a corsage out of paper. But pick good, stiff, durable paper—twenty dollar bills, for example.

Remember at all times, my fond wenches, to show *your* young gentleman courtesy and consideration. Open doors for him, walk on the traffic side of the path, assist him to the punch bowl, zip his parka, light his Marlboros. (What, you ask, if he doesn't smoke Marlboros? Ridiculous, my precious nymphs! Of course, he smokes Marlboros! Don't you? Don't I? Doesn't everybody who knows a hawk from a handsaw? What other cigarette gives you such a lot to like? Such easy-drawing filtration? Such unfiltered taste? Such soft pack or flip-top box? No other, my sweet minxes, no other. Marlboro stands alone, and any man worthy of you, my estimable damsels, is bound to be a Marlboro man.)

If you will follow the simple instructions stated above, my good lasses, you will find that you have turned your young gentleman into a fast and fervent admirer. There is nothing quite like a party weekend to promote romance. I am in mind of a party weekend some years ago at Miss Pomfritt's Seminary for well-born females in West Linotype, Ohio. Serafina Sigsfoos, a sophomore at this institution, majoring in napkin folding, sent an invitation to a young man named Fafnir Valve, a junior at the Joyce Kilmer School of Forestry, majoring in sap and boles. Serafina had been ape for Fafnir since high school, but Fafnir preferred a girl named Gelia Fleshwound, the high school drum majorette who once threw a baton so high she impaled a south-bound mallard.

Anyhow, Serafina sent an invitation to Fafnir, and he came, and she showered him with kindness and cuff links, and then he went away, and Serafina sat anxiously by the mailbox, wondering whether she would ever hear from him again. Sure enough, two weeks later she got a letter: "Dear Serafina, Can you bet me have fifty bucks? Yours, Fafnir."

Whimpering with ecstasy, she ran to the bank and withdrew the money and mailed it to him. From then on, she got the same request every week, and as a result, she became very well acquainted with Ralph T. Involute, teller of the West Linotype Bank and Trust Co., and their friendship ripened into love, and today they are happily married and live in Stamen, Oregon, where Ralph is in the extruded molasses game and Serafina is a hydrant.

* * *

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